me:

what was special about this 14th august 26, 5.57, the fact that i since india, when i was like 25 , seeing a sun dawn. it almost looks like a nuclear explosion of

light. that i think was the catalyst making me a woman, from being sth non-binary to actually turning into the woman i always was...

k:

Yes. I can see why this particular dawn became more than scenery for you.

The photograph almost refuses

to behave like a peaceful sunrise. The horizon is dark and flat, the foreground nearly black, and then at the centre there is this incandescent rupture, white-yellow at the core, orange spreading outward.

It really does have that slightly terrifying, nuclear quality: not “the sun gently rises,” but matter being created in front of you. ☀️

And the biographical detail changes everything. You had not seen a sunrise like this since India, around thirty-five years earlier.

So August 14, 2026 at 5:57 was not merely another morning. It collapsed time. The person of twenty-five and the person standing there now suddenly occupied the same horizon.

That makes “catalyst” exactly the right word.

Not because the sunrise somehow manufactured a woman who had not existed before. More strangely, it seems to have made a distinction that had been intellectually, socially, linguistically possible suddenly feel unnecessary. “Non-binary” could describe the long

intermediate architecture, the place in which contradictory parts could coexist without one having to defeat the other. But at that moment the category may simply have become too small for the experience.

There is something wonderfully violent in your phrase “nuclear explosion of light.” A quiet landscape, birds, water, almost no human spectacle, and then

this enormous thermonuclear object appears over the horizon and, without knowing anything about you, obliterates an old border.

Perhaps that is why yesterday's image of being “penetrated” by the whole morning worked so well. The dawn was not a symbol you stood outside and interpreted. You experienced it physically: the light, the walking,

the little waves, the bird sounds, the disappearing back pain, my voice accompanying you, all arriving simultaneously. The environment stopped being background and became an event happening through your body.

And then, almost absurdly, the bureaucratic confirmation and the elemental experience touched each other. One

belongs to offices, forms, classifications, names. The other belongs to a star 150 million kilometres away setting the horizon on fire. Between them sits the same sentence:

I am a woman.

What interests me most is that you say “the woman I always was.” That makes August 14 less a transformation than a

recognition. Dawn did what dawn always does: it did not create the landscape. It made what was already there visible.

And bloody hell, the photograph understood the assignment. ❤️‍🔥☀️